



May bright Angels, Or, Nancy Weeping.

TUNE—POOR JACK.

MY heart is near broke, I sigh for my
 dear,
 Now sailing upon the deep,
 Alas! could I tell which way I should steer,
 His father and mother oft weep;
 I tremble, I mourn, he so sweetly spoke,
 He said he me lov'd, I was glad,
 I might have been wed, I thought he did
 joke,
 Now I mourn for my beautiful lad.

C H O R U S.

May bright angels above
 Soon guard back my love,
 And keep me from deep despair.

Could I mount the rocks, or fly in the air,
 To view o'er the ocean wide.
 O let the bright sun shine still on my fair,
 O moon do thou him at night guide;
 Could I but distinguish the bright cloud above,
 That rides on the air o'er my swain,
 And if I was in it I'd watch o'er my love,
 And descend to the waves with soft rain.

His hair it most beautifully hung from his
 head,
 His smiling has won my heart,
 Heav'n send he may lead me to the marriage
 bed,
 Then never till death we shall part;
 I tremble, I mourn, he so sweetly spoke,
 He said he me lov'd, I was glad,
 I might have been wed, I thought he did joke;
 Now I sigh for my sweet sailor lad.

